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PSALMS

AND

HYMNS

FOR

THE USE OF

THE CHAPEL

OF THE

ASYLUM

For Female Orphans.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
LEMON

PSALMS

AND

HYMNS, &c.

PSALM I. v. 1, 2, 3, 6.

HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners ways, nor ſits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His buſineſs and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like ſome fair tree, which fed by ſtreams
With timely fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
All his deſigns attend.

For God approves the juſt man's ways,
To happineſs they tend:
But ſinners and the paths they tread
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. v. 7, 8, 9, 10.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

ATTEND, O earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree:
Thou art my ſon this day, my heir
Have I begotten thee.

Aſk and receive thy full demands;
Thine ſhall the heathen be:
The utmoſt limits of the lands
Shall be poſſeſt by thee.

Thy threat'ning ſceptre thou ſhalt ſhake
And cruſh them every where:
As maſſy bars of iron break
The potter's brittle ware.

Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth!
Worſhip the Lord with Holy Fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM X. v. 12, 13, 14, 18.

O LORD, our God, do thou ariſe,
Stretch forth thy mighty arm;
And by the greatneſs of thy power,
Preſerve the poor from harm.

No longer let the wicked vaunt
And proudly boaſting ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do,
"He never will repay."

But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their deeds
Impartially doſt try;
The orphans, therefore, and the poor,
On thee for aid rely.

Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'ſt
The fatherleſs and poor;
That ſo the tyrants of the earth,
May perſecute no more.

PSALM XV. v. 1, 2, 4, 6.

LORD! who's the happy man that may,
To thy bleſt courts repair,
Not ſtranger-like, to viſit them,
But to inhabit there?

'T'is

'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak,
The thing his heart diſproves.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety, tho'cloth'd in rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

The man, who by this ſteady courſe,
Has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand
By providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI. 8, 9, 10, 11.
EASTER-DAY.

I Strive each action to approve
To his all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hopes remove,
Becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt in hopes to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I reſign my breath,
My ſoul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy holy one in death,
The leaſt corruption ſee.

Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay,
Which to thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
And joys, that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. v. 16, 17, 18, 19.

THE Lord did on my ſide engage,
From Heav'n, his throne, my cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious rage,
Of threat'ning waves which proudly ſwell'd.

God his reſiſtleſs pow'r employ'd,
My ſtrongeſt foes attempts to break;
Who elſe with eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd,
The weak defence that I could make.

Their ſubtle rage had ſoon prevail'd,
When I diſtreſt and friendleſs lay;
But when all other ſuccours fail'd,
God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.

From dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt cauſe his goodneſs found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

PSALM XXII. v. 14, 15, 16, 17.
For GOOD-FRIDAY.

MY blood like water ſpill'd, my joints
Are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart diſſolves within my breaſt,
Like wax before the flame.

My ſtrength, like potter's earth, is parch'd,
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the ſilent ſhades of death
My fainting ſoul withdraws.

Like blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they
In pack'd aſſemblies meet:
They pierc'd my inoffenſive hands;
They pierc'd my harmleſs feet.

My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of woe,
As paſtime they behold.

PSALM XXII. v. 23, 24, 29, 30.

YE worſhippers of Jacob's God,
All ye of Iſrael's line,
O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er diſdain'd on low diſtreſs
To caſt a gracious eye;
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But heard its humble cry.

The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty muſt confeſs;
The ſons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous patron bleſs.

With humble worſhip to his throne,
They all for aid reſort,
That pow'r, which firſt their beings gave,
Can only them ſupport.

PSALM XXIII. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
Vouchſafes to be my guide,
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant care,
My wants are all ſupply'd.

In tender graſs he makes me feed,
And gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where
Refreſhing water flows.

He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
And, to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtructs, with humble zeal, to walk
In his moſt righteous ways.

I paſs the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff,
Defend and comfort me.

PSALM XXIII. *By Mr.* Addiſon.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread;
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile;
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV. v. 7, 8, 9, 10.

ASCENSION DAY.

ERECT your heads, Eternal gates!
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory: ſee, he comes
With his celeſtial train.

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord for ſtrength renown'd:
In battle mighty; o'er his Foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In ſtate to entertain
The King of glory: ſee! he comes
With all his ſhining Train.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of hoſts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM

PSALM XXXIV. v. 1, 2, 3, 15.

THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till all that are diſtreſt
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name,
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my reſcue came.

The Lord from Heav'n beholds the juſt
With favourable eyes;
And when diſtreſt, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

PSALM XLI. v. 1, 2, 3, 13.

HAPPY the man, whoſe tender care
Relieves the poor diſtreſt;
When troubles compaſs him around
The Lord ſhall give him reſt.

The Lord his life, with bleſſings crown'd,
In ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of theſe
That ſeek to do him wrong.

If he, in languiſhing eſtate,
Oppreſs'd with ſickneſs lie,
The Lord will eaſy make his bed,
And inward ſtrength ſupply.

Let therefore Iſr'el's Lord and God,
From age to age be bleſs'd;
And all the people's glad applauſe
With loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM LXVIII. v. 3, 18, 19.
WHITSUNDAY.

LORD! let the ſervants of thy will
Thy favours gentle beams enjoy:
Their upright hearts let gladneſs fill,
And chearful ſongs their tongues employ.

Aſcending high in triumph thou
Captivity haſt captive led
And on thy people didſt beſtow,
The ſpoil of armies once their dread.

E'en rebels ſhall partake thy grace,
And humble proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy dwelling place
And all the world pay homage there.

For benefits each day beſtow'd
Be daily thy great name ador'd
Who art our ſaviour and our God,
Of Life and death the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. v. 1, 2, 10, 12.

O GOD of hoſts! the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt
The brightneſs of thy face!

My longing ſoul faints with deſire
To view thy bleſt abode:
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
For thee the living God!

For in thy courts one ſingle day
Tis better to attend
Than, Lord, in any place beſides
A thouſand days to ſpend.

Thou, God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
How highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt ſecurely plac'd
Is ſtill repos'd on thee!

PSALM

PSALM XC. v. 3, 5, 6, 12.

THOU turneſt man, O Lord, to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made:
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the word, Return,
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

Thou ſweep'ſt us off, as with a flood,
We vaniſh hence like dreams;
At firſt we grow, like graſs, that feels
The Sun's reviving beams:

But howſoever freſh and fair
Its morning beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down and withered quite
Before the evening cloſe.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain ſum
Of our ſhort days to mind,
That to true wiſdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM C. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

WITH one conſent let all the earth
To God their chearful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with aweful mirth,
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuſes for his own,
The flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

O enter then his Temple gates,
Thence to his courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat
And ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs.

For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CIV. v. 1, 2, 3.
And Gloria Patri.

MY ſoul praiſe the Lord, ſpeak good of his name,
O Lord our great God, how doſt thou appear!
So paſſing in glory, that great is thy fame:
Honour and Majeſty in thee ſhine moſt clear.

With light as a robe thou haſt thyſelf clad,
Whereby all the earth thy greatneſs may ſee:
The Heav'ns in ſuch ſort, thou alſo haſt ſpread,
That they to a curtain compared may be.

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full ſure,
Which, as his chariots, are made him to bear:
And there, with much ſwiftneſs, his courſe doth endure,
Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

By angels in heaven, of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth, all praiſe be addreſt,
As it has been, now is, and always ſhall be,
To God in three perſons, one God ever bleſt.

PSALM CXII. v. 4, 5, 6, 9.

THE ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd
As well as juſt to all mankind.

His liberal favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs.

Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
Whence he ſhall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

Part of PSALM CXIII.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs;
Where'er the circ'ling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams, or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

God thro' the world extends his ſway,
The regions of eternal day
But ſhadows of his Glory are:
To him whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Tho' tis beneath his ſtate to view,
In higheſt Heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchſafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

" When death decides the parents doom,
" And ſends them to the ſilent tomb,
" He hears the helpleſs orphans claim:
" His hand the fatherleſs receives
" And all their woes and wants relieves;
" O then extol his glorious name!

PSALM CXIX. v. 9, 10, 11, 12.

HOW ſhall the young preſerve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life
With thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek,
To thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps
From thy right paths to ſtray.

Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid,
Thy word, my treaſure lies;
To ſuccour me with timely aid,
When ſinful thoughts ariſe.

Secur'd by that, my grateful ſoul
Shall ever bleſs thy name;
O teach me then by thy juſt laws
My future Life to frame.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

PSALM CXXX. v. 1, 5, 7, 8.

FROM loweſt depths of woe,
To God I ſend my cry;
Lord hear my ſupplicating voice,
And graciouſly reply.

My ſoul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
Thy never-failing word.

Let Iſr'el truſt in God;
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from whence
Eternal ſuccour flows;

Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us
Supplies in want convey;
An healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe
And waſh our guilt away.

PSALM CXLVI. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

THE Lord who made both Heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt truth
Nor make his promiſe vain.

The poor oppreſs'd, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And ſets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their ſight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

The ſtranger he preſerves from harm,
The Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

PSALM CL. v. 1, laſt,

And Gloria Patri.

O PRAISE the Lord in that beſt place,
From whence his goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect glory ſhows.

Praiſe him for all the mighty acts,
Which he on our behalf has done;
His Kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;
Let every creature praiſe the Lord.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him above ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe him all creatures here below,
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN. I.

The Muſick by Dr. Arnold.

FATHER of mercy hear our pray'rs
For thoſe who do us good;
Whoſe love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.

Each hand and heart that lend us aid
Thou doſt inſpire and guide;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

Thou

Thou ſtill ſhall be our grateful theme,
Thy praiſe we'll ever ſing;
Our friends the kind refreſhing ſtream,
But thou th' unfailing ſpring.

For thoſe whoſe goodneſs founded this,
A better houſe prepare;
Receive them to thy heav'nly bliſs,
And may we meet them there!

May all the pleaſing pains they ſhare
Be crown'd with wiſh'd ſucceſs;
The preſent age applaud their care,
And future ages bleſs!

So ſhall the helpleſs who remain
Expos'd as we before,
Increaſing ſtill our humble train,
With louder ſongs adore.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN II.

The Muſick by Mr. Long.

O THOU, from whom all good deſcends,
To thee our praiſe we pay,
On whom the heav'nly hoſt attends,
Whom Heav'n and earth obey.

A ſparrow falls not to the ground
Without thy providence;
Thy mercy there thy ſervants found,
Thy mercy rais'd us thence.

May thoſe who in our cauſe engage,
By thee be amply paid;
The weaker both our ſex and age,
The nobler is their aid.

Avoiding rocks on either ſide,
An equal courſe they ſteer;
Indecent want and gaudy pride,
Alike are ſtrangers here.

May we with humble diligence
Improve our patrons coſt!
So ſhall their trouble and expence,
Be not entirely loſt.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN III.

The Muſick by Mr. Long.

TO thee, great God! our thanks we owe,
Thy goodneſs we adore;
Who bidd'ſt the feeling heart to glow
With pity for the poor:
Who let'ſt the infant orphan ſhare
The good man's Riches, love and care.

Obſcur'd by mean and humble birth,
In Ignorance we lay;
Till Chriſtian bounty call'd us forth,
And led us into day:
Taught us the word of God t' explore,
To aſk his love and dread his power.

Oh! look for ever kindly down
On thoſe that help the poor:
Oh! let ſucceſs their labours crown,
And plenty heap their ſtore:
And may that mite, by us poſſeſs'd,
Diffuſe a bleſſing o'er the reſt.

And when before thy judgment ſeat
With trembling hope we go,
Reward or puniſhment to meet,
For what we do below;
Our ſhouting voices ſhall declare,
Their tender love to us while here.

HALLELUJAH.

HYMN IV.

The Muſick by Mr. Riley.

TO thee, O Lord, our God and King,
Whoſe mercies ne'er decay,
We thus in artleſs numbers ſing,
And thus our praiſe we pay.

Whate'er

Whate'er is human ebbs and flows,
As waſting time prevails;
But grace divine no changes knows,
Charity never fails.

From thence flow plenteous ſtreams and clear,
And may they never ceaſe!
'Tis you who plant and water here,
'Tis God that gives th' increaſe.

May he your pious alms regard,
Your warmth of zeal approve,
With ample bleſſings ſtill reward
The labour of your love.

Reſcu'd from want, from vice and ſhame,
We'll all our future days
Our great creator's love proclaim,
And live but to his praiſe.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN V.

The Muſick by Mr. Valton.

O Gracious Lord! cœleſtial king!
Whoſe goodneſs raptur'd ſeraphs ſing,
In never ceaſing lays;
From Heav'n look down, in mercy hear
Our feeble infant voices bear
The echo of thy praiſe.

We know that grateful love alone,
From earth can reach thy glory's throne:
This tribute you receive
For all thy bleſſings ſhower'd down,
For all the joys that virtue crown,
Or piety can give.

When helpleſs plung'd in life's rude wave,
Thy providential arm could ſave,
And bring to ſafety's ſhore;

Where

Where meek-ey'd charity appears,
And wipes away our orphan tears,
Where ſtorms affright no more.

O gracious Lord! cœleſtial king!
Whoſe goodneſs raptur'd ſeraphs ſing,
In never ceaſing lays;
From Heav'n look down, in mercy hear
Our feeble infant voices bear
The echo of thy praiſe.

HYMN VI.

(From a New Tranſlation of Pſalm 8.)

The Muſick by Dr. Arnold.

O GOD, how worlds on worlds proclaim,
How the high Heav'ns reſound thy name,
Beyond all glory bright!
Ev'n liſping babes thy being bleſs,
Their ſmiles thy providence confeſs,
And vindicate thy might.

The ſun exhauſtleſs fount of day,
The moon, the ſtars, when I ſurvey,
In ceaſeleſs order move;
Thy works, thy wonders, when I ſee,
Great God! what's man? what's man, that he
Should thus engage thy love?

HYMN VII.

The Muſick by Mr. Barthelemon.

GREAT Lord of all! whoſe works of love
Creation's boundleſs realms diſplay,
Help us to join the choirs above,
And hail thy providential ſway!

Stern death pronounc'd the dread decree,
Entail'd on all of woman born,
From ſorrow ſet our parents free,
But left us helpleſs and forlorn;

No friendly hand to ſhield our youth
From future penury and woe,
To guide us in the paths of truth,
And teach us all we ought to know.

Dark was the colour of our fate,
'Till thy benignant mercy ſhone,
Redeem'd us from our wretched ſtate,
And made the fatherleſs thine own.

Our hopes revive, our fears are fled,
Our joyleſs days and nights are o'er;
Our mortal frames are cloath'd and fed,
Our minds inform'd with virtue's lore.

Bleſt guardian! whoſe paternal care,
With bounteous hand our want ſupplies!
O, may our ceaſeleſs praiſe and prayer,
To thy bright throne, as incenſe, riſe!

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN VIII.

The Muſick by Mr. Barthelemon.

CHILL'd by the blaſts of adverſe fate,
Oppreſs'd by ſorrow's gloom,
The ſoothing voice of parent love
All huſh'd within the tomb,

Without us, want his vigils kept;
Within us, ſilent woe:
Our infant minds in fearful thought,
Made every ſhade a foe.

God's pitying eye our trouble ſaw,
And inſtantly relief
Broke through the wintry clouds of woe,
And ſcatter'd every grief.

Beneath his heav'nly wings we find
A calm and ſafe retreat:
O, then let every orphan breaſt
With grateful tranſport beat!

SOLO.	CHORUS.
We thank thee!	Hallelujah,
We bleſs thee!	Hallelujah,
We praiſe thee, O Lord!	Hallelujah,
For evermore.	Amen.

HYMN IX.

GLORY to God! whoſe all-pervading eye
Pierc'd the thick gloom of miſery's dreary ſhade
Whoſe gracious ears were open to our cry,
Who heard with pity all the plaints we made.

Now Heav'n-born charity our wants ſupplies;
For us ſhe deign'd this hallow'd dome to rear:
Hither the poor the helpleſs orphan flies,
And joyful finds a ſafe aſylum here.

On all our friends, O Lord! thy bleſſings ſhow'r,
For them and for their children hear our pray'r,
Save when from want, and ſhield them in that hour
When pleaſure's falſe allurements ſpread their ſnare.

While we to God our feeble voices raiſe,
Let all the earth in one loud chorus join;
And thou, bleſt ſpirit! as we ſing his praiſe,
Inſpire the notes with harmony divine.
Hallelujah.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

St. Luke, Ch. ii. v. 8—15.

WHILST ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory ſhone around.

Fear

" Fear not, ſaid he (for mighty dread
" Had ſeiz'd their troubled minds)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
" To you and all mankind.

" To you in David's town this day
" Is born of David's line,
" The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord:
" And this ſhall be the ſign.

" The Heav'nly babe you there ſhall find,
" To human view diſplay'd,
" All meanly wrap'd in ſwathing bands,
" And in a manger laid."

Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God, and thus
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

" All glory be to God on high,
" And to the earth be peace;
" Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
" Begin and never ceaſe."

HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

JESUS CHRIST is riſen to-day—Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy-day;
Who did once upon the croſs
Suffer to redeem our loſs.

Hymns of praiſe then let us ſing
Unto Chriſt our Heav'nly King:
Who endured the croſs and grave
Sinners to redeem and ſave.

But the pains which he endur'd
Our ſalvation have procur'd.
Now above the ſkies he's King,
Where the angels ever ſing,

HALLELUJAH.

HYMN

HYMN ON THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praiſe
On all thy works I look;
But ſtill thy wiſdom, power and grace
Shine brighter in thy book.

The ſtars that in their courſes roll
Have much inſtruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my ſoul
How I may ſoar to Heaven.

The fields provide me food, and ſhew
The goodneſs of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy word.

Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies,
Here my deſires are ſatisfied
And hence my hopes ariſe.

Lord! make me underſtand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

Here would I learn how Chriſt has died
To ſave my ſoul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beſide
Such Heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN on Gratitude to God.

By Mr. Addiſon.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view I'm loſt
In wonder, love and praiſe.

O how

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face:
And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run,
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Redeem thy miſpent moments paſt
And live this day as if thy laſt:
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thy ſelf prepare.

Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all ſeeing eye ſurveys
Thy ſecret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyſelf my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who, all night long, unwearied ſing
High glory to th' eternal king.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inſpire:
That I, like you, my age may ſpend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight;
Perform, like you my Maker's will;
Oh! may I never more do ill.

Glory to thee, who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

Lord, I my vow to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thy self my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my pow'rs with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear son,
The ills, that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I e'er I sleep at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the Judgment day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

When restless in the night I lie,
My soul with Heav'nly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Let my bleſt Guardian while I ſleep,
His watchful ſtation near me keep;
My heart with love Celeſtial fill,
And guard from the approach of ill.

Lord! let my ſoul for ever ſhare
The bliſs of thy paternal care;
'Tis Heav'n on earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
To ſee thy face, and ſing thy love.

Shou'd death itſelf my ſleep invade,
Why ſhou'd I be of death afraid?
Protected by thy ſaving arm,
Tho' he may ſtrike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour reſt,
If with thy gracious preſence bleſt;
Then welcome ſleep, or death to me,
I'm ſtill ſecure, for ſtill with thee.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below,
Praiſe him above angelic hoſt,
Praiſe father, ſon and holy ghoſt.

HYMN for Morning or Evening.

By Dr. Watts.

MY God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are every ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs.

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

FINIS.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

HYMN, Xth.

Set to Muſic by Mrs. Maria Barthelemon

LORD of our life! whoſe tender Care
First gave us Power to move:
How ſhall our thankful Hearts declare
The Wonders of thy Love?

Whilſt void of thought and ſenſe we lay
Duſt of our Parent Earth,
Thy Breath inform'd the ſleeping Clay,
And call'd us to the Birth.

Where-e'er we turn our wakeful Thought,
Unnumber'd foes we ſee:
Guide of our youth! forſake us not,
But lead us ſafe to Thee.

For fix'd on Thee, we loſe each Fear,
Each vain Aſſault we brave:
We know thee, Lord, not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

So oft ſhall our repeated lays
Our thankful Hearts declare
And joy to celebrate thy Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercy deigns to ſpare.

HALLELUJAH AMEN.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 FE 71

SENTENCES FROM SCRIPTURE,

To be ſung by the ORPHANS, before the Firſt Leſſon, Morning and Evening.

THE Lord is in his Holy Temple: let all the Earth keep ſilence before him. *Amen.*

Give Ear, O my People, to my Law: incline your Ears to the Words of my Mouth. *Amen.*

Be ſtill, and know, that I am God: I will be exalted among the Heathen; I will be exalted in the Earth. *Amen.*

Sentence for CHRISTMAS DAY.

Behold, a Virgin ſhall conceive and bear a Son, and ſhall call his Name IMMANUEL:

Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given: and the Government ſhall be upon his Shoulder; And his Name ſhall be called, Wonderful, Counſellor, the mighty God, the Everlaſting Father, the Prince of Peace.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the Glory of thy Name: O deliver us, and be merciful unto our Sins for thy Name's ſake. *Amen.*

EASTER DAY.

The Lord is great in Sion, and high above all People: they ſhall give thanks unto thy Name, which is great, wonderful, and Holy. *Amen.*

WHITSUNDAY.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praiſed in the City of our God, in the Mountain of his Holineſs. *Amen.*